

DRIFTING.

Drifting along this human barque,
Freighted with manhood, love and woe,
Drifting along with shadows dark,
Our Captain and Pilot the deadliest foe;
Drifting along with the waving corn,
The ripened harvest and new mown hay;
Drifting along with the setting sun,
From early morn till close of day.

Drifting along with a weary life,
Encouraged by phantasy—never there;
Drifting along with care and strife
Building castles in the air.
Drifting along from our childhood's home,
From the cheery glow of a mother's love;
Drifting along contented to roam,
Painting pen pictures as onward we move.

Drifting along on the treacherous sand,
Tasting the water from a bitter cup;
Drifting along to that distant land,
For the tide of life to gather and up;
Drifting along with sin and remorse
A saddened heart and prostrate form,
Drifting along, a stiffened corpse,
We are drifting to him who keeps from harm.

—Claude De Haven. Modern Argosy.

A DULL SPRING DAY.

It ought to have been a spring day, but it was not. People dated their letters the 10th of April, but the hold-stereous shivered as it stood, for a steady wintry wind penetrated every corner.

In London the situation was rendered more inconceivable by a thick fog; and as the previous day had been blest with a gentle shower, and a genial glimpse of sunshine afterwards, the public made the most of their grievances and had our favorite topic, the weather, continually uppermost.

It is always speaking of the weather when we meet; but only a few of them can guess what a charmingly varied subject it is with us. As we never rise in the morning without three anxious thoughts: What is the sky like? What does the glass show, and what is the warning from America?—weather may be said to form part of the earnest business of our lives.

In a comfortable dining-room two girls were earnestly conversing. One, bright and dark, with a clever face and charming figure, was seated on the table; and in that position was enabled to look down upon a small, fair beauty, who had happened to don a becoming spring costume in the east wind and had consequently caught a violent cold.

"It is too provoking!" she murmured in a thick tone; "I shall have a seal-skin jacket and a lace mantle side by side all summer, after this, for fear of accidents."

"Nonsense, Gladys! You will be all right to-morrow."

"Very likely," said Gladys resentfully; "but that is a day too late. He is going to call to-day, Olive."

"Which 'he' dear?" innocently demanded the cousin.

"Never mind. Some one who said he would call this morning. And now I can't see him!"

"Why? You're not ill; you are only—"

"A fright! Look at my nose!"

Certainly it was swollen. There was a watery, feeble look about the eyes, that denoted the condition we all know so well; she rendered limp and helpless by unexpected sneezing, dainty dishes tasteless and gruel and mustard the only things to be cultivated. We stupidly listen to the finest conversation with lips partially open, vacantly wondering whether a cough or sneeze will be the next shock.

A loud double knock caused Gladys to jump from her chair.

"There he is! Do run up to the drawing-room, Olive! Mother won't be there for hours; he is so early."

"My dear Gladys, can't he wait till my aunt—"

"Pleasant, Miss Olive," interrupted the foot man, "will you be so good as to go to the drawing-room my mistress says?"

Away went Olive, laughing to herself. Was she not the poor dependent relative, obliged to be ready for any emergency? Still she lingered on the stair-case, smelt the flowers, and pulled off a dead leaf or two. Gladys' lovers did not interest Olive as a rule—there were so many of them—and Olive had a romantic little secret of her own; a secret which had been as a telegram to her for the two years that had elapsed since she lost her father and her far away home in a country of strange.

"Some fair-haired boy is clinging nervously to his hat, I suppose," she murmured, scornfully, as she mounted the last flight. "What a disappointment it will be when he sees me."

So, with a slight mocking smile on her pretty mouth, she turned the handle of the door.

Whoosh! No boy stood to her, but a fine, bronzed man; Olive turned pale and trembled.

"You, William, Gladys said—"

"Never mind what the pretty cousin said, my darling; I owe her a debt of gratitude for telling me where to

find you."

And such unmistakable love and happiness shone in the eyes meeting her own that all Olive's resolution was needed to enable her to continue.

"Sir William did—"

"What have I done that you should call me names?"

"I mean," stammered Olive—"did you get my letters after my father's death?"

"Not until yesterday," gravely responded Sir William, a look of pain crossing his fine face. "There has been treachery, my dear. But all that is over now, and—"

A loud rustle of silk and jingle of bangles, caused Olive to start aside; and she made her escape from the room as her voluminous aunt entered it.

Gladys, in the morning room, was looking through a crack of the door as Olive appeared.

"Isn't he handsome?" hoarsely whispered the beauty.

"No. Yes—not very!" gasped Olive, running past and up-stairs as fast as she could go.

"Olive!"

It was no use to call her, for she locked herself in her chamber until tea-time, when her aunt, Mrs. Cornwallis, informed her that, as Gladys could not possibly go that night to the ball for which they were engaged, she might go in her place.

"I should not go at all, but Sir William Maynard has arranged to accompany us," said Mrs. Cornwallis, gloomily drinking her tea. "It is really too provoking that Gladys should have caught this cold."

Olive said nothing. She felt almost guilty, yet she had not planned or plotted for her present happiness.

When the carriage was announced, Olive, in her pretty ball-dress entered the drawing-room, where her aunt and Sir William Maynard were waiting.

"How long you have been, Olive," cried Mrs. Cornwallis.

"I have only my gloves to button now, aunt," replied Olive.

"Allow me," said Sir William, and Mrs. Cornwallis swept on toward the door while the gloves were being fastened. When the young people entered the carriage, Olive's blushing face was revealed by the light of the lamp.

"Your gloves took some time!" remarked her aunt dryly.

"There were eight buttons to each, dear madame," said William, impressively. "And as I fastened the sixteenth, Olive promised to be my wife."

"Your wife!" faltered Mrs. Cornwallis; "Olive!"

"Sir William was poor papa's pupil long ago, Aunt Clara," Olive shyly explained. "We have known each other many years."

Aunt Cornwallis, who has always looked down upon her niece because her father profited by his clerical education and took pupils (instead of enjoying his poverty, as the family would have preferred), offered her congratulations, somewhat grudgingly; but recovered later in the evening at finding her own importance increased by the brilliant marriage her niece was about to make.—Argosy.

A Season of Strikes.

The past month has been notable for disturbances among our industrial population. The iron-workers of Pittsburg demanded an advance of wages, and secured it. Cigar-makers and other trades in our large cities have been striking, but the most notable of all the labor revolts was that of the operators of our great telegraph monopoly. Public opinion rather sided with the strikers, a fact due in great part to the popular dislike of Jay Gould and the soulless corporation he represents. Then it was thought that the operators should be paid for extra Sunday work, and that their labor should be worth as much to them as that of the brick-layer and carpenter, whose average incomes were much larger than that of the telegraph operators. Yet, as a matter of fact, the conditions do not exist that would justify an increased compensation for labor. Business has been dull and in many instances unprofitable for the past two years. Wall Street has had a panic, due to the liquidation which has been in progress. Money goes farther now than it did formerly. That is to say, nearly everything has become cheaper during the past two years. Animal and vegetable food was never more abundant, while cotton and woolen goods were never so cheap. The conditions do not exist for a general increase of wages.—From *Democrat's Monthly* for October.

A little girl about five years old, was found wandering in the woods near Denison a few days ago. She had evidently been lost several days, probably by movers. When found her tongue was so badly swollen that she could not speak.

MEXICAN OIL FIELDS.

Their Great Extent in the State of Vera Cruz.

"Those interested in Mexican oil properties may not be aware in how large a field oil is found in the state of Vera Cruz alone," writes a correspondent from Papantla, Mexico, to the *Mexican Financier*. "From Papantla to Tampico, and from the sea to the mountains, a tract some 150 miles long by 50 wide, known as the Huasteca, is dotted with petroleum springs all over the country, not apparently following any particular surface formation, but as rich by the lagoons on the coast as among the foot-hills of the great eastern range. At some places, notably at Juan Julipe, two days' ride inland from Tuxpam, the surface deposits of bitumen, or 'Chapote,' as it is called, are simply astounding, large, black fields and long streams having spread out in the course of ages and being now as hard and smooth as a well-made asphalt pavement, while the little springs are innumerable, the whole ground seeming full of it. These large deposits are the residue caused by the evaporation of the petroleum and the other volatile portions of the tar-like substance which exudes from the ground, and, under the tropical sun, it imperceptibly spreads out into the forest until lost under accumulated leaves and earth. There is always a soft place in every deposit where the fresh chapote comes oozing up and through which large bubbles filled with a highly inflammable gas rise and burst. The oil skum, if skimmed off, burns fiercely, and during rain storms the water is highly iridescent from the oil floating on top. Thus there would seem to be no doubt of the richness of these springs, and the excellence of the oil is shown by that produced at Papantla in a small refinery which has been in operation for some years, where it is produced as clear and white as water, and with a strong, kerosene-like smell, giving a strong light.

The labor all through the Huasteca is cheap, about 37 or 50 cents a day, but the difficulty is to persuade the men to work. On a feast-day their religion gives an excuse to their laziness, and it is almost impossible to get anyone either for love or for money, unless the 'padre' has been favorably interviewed and properly propitiated, when he will throw his influence in favor of nobility of labor, and the difficulty ceases. On other days the laborers are constantly changing, for as soon as a peon has got his dollar or two of pay he has got enough, and he takes a rest for a couple of weeks. The idea of working to lay up money for the future is something which they do not understand; it is enough for the peon if he has a hat, machete, sandals, two shirts and two pairs of trousers; housekeeping only requires a bamboo hut, which the forest gives him, and a few earthen jugs or pots, which he makes himself; the dogs and children, without which an Indian hut is not 'completely furnished,' come of themselves.

The only serious difficulty at present is that of transportation; with those springs which are situated near the Panuco and Tuxpam rivers, as Chapopote, where the Boston and Mexican company is at present working, it is easy to pipe the crude oil to the river and thence carry it down stream in tank-boats to the refinery. But to work the springs situated back from the sea, the machinery, pipes, etc., would have to be hauled or carted, and in the latter case, the expense would be greatly increased by the labor necessary to prepare a road.

To Make a Happy Home.

1. Learn to govern yourselves, and to be gentle and patient.
2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayers, and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
3. Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts, and concluded that Christ would have done so in your place.
4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, the gift of silence is often much more valuable.
5. Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose developments we must expect, and which we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.
6. Never retort a short or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.
7. Beware of the first disagreement.
8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever an opportunity offers.
10. Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

11. Do not neglect little things, if they can effect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

12. Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

13. Learn to deny yourself and to prefer others.

14. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

15. Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

16. Be gentle, but firm, with children.

17. Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.

18. Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sabbath.

19. Do not furnish them with much spending-money.

20. Remember the grave, the judgment-seat and the scenes of eternity, and so order your home on earth that you shall have a home in heaven.—Anon.

An Enormous Walnut Log.

New York Times.

A large, worm-eaten walnut log lies in the gutter in front of No. 156 Elizabeth street, propped up by heavy blocks of wood. It towers above the passing horses and the men on the high seats of the large drays can hardly see over it. It is 9 feet in diameter, 27 feet in circumference, 12 feet long, and weighs 22,000 pounds. It was hauled from the foot of Broome street by five teams of horses a few days ago and deposited in Elizabeth street, where it has since lain. Mr. L. Hirsch, the lumber dealer of No. 214 Center street, who is the owner, said to a reporter that it is the largest foreign log ever brought to this country. It came from a spur of the Pyrenees Mountains, near the little French village of Perigeux. Mr. Hirsch was in France last spring buying walnut lumber. While there he heard of several monster trees in the vicinity of this village. He visited the place and found this tree. It was said to be the largest walnut tree standing in the country. He bought it, and had it cut under his own personal supervision. It took forty men and twenty-two horses to sever the enormous trunk and haul the log seven miles to the nearest railway station. It was taken to Paris, where it attracted great attention, and was visited by the manager of the Jardin des Plantes. The Parisian papers reported that it was the largest log ever brought to this city. Finally, it was put on the steamer Katie and brought to New York. The only way in which it could be brought to land was on board the largest steam lighter Ox. It is estimated to be worth \$2,000 as it lays, and when it is sawed into veneering it will yield 60,000 feet, which will be worth about \$5,000. The color when polished is a deep black and orange.

Poor Richard's Proverbs.

He who hunts after bargains will scratch his head.

It is the late cat that catches the early boot-jack.

Half-witted people have knack of talking much and saving little.

He does not live in this world who can skin a grindstone.

Words of wisdom: First thoughts and first mortgages are always best.

He who buys wants a hundred eyes, who sells need have but one.

When the summer is winter and the winter summer it is a sorry year.

Act uprightly and fearlessly and you may defy the devil and all his works.

Very few women turn gray because their husbands die.

Another man's horse and your own whip can do a great deal.

The teeth of the puppy is growing while the old dog is gnawing bones.

As water runs toward the shore, so does money toward the rich man's hand.

A cat that licks the spit is not to be trusted with roast meat.

Bide time and place to take revenge, 'tis never well done in a hurry.

Greatness alone is not enough, or the cow would outrun the hare.

Good faith is a seldom guest, when you have him hold him fast.

Go not with every ailment to the doctor, nor with every complaint to the lawyer.

Love others well, but love yourself the most; give good for good but not at thine own cost.

"In the matter of love," as the old proverb ran, "you begin when you like, and leave off when you can;—But the more modern version, the balance to strike, is 'Begin when you can and leave off when you like.'"

A Texas woman, only 39 years old, has been married seven times, and yet she isn't half so good looking as lots of girls who can't even catch one bean.



JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER HOURLY PAINS AND ACHES.
Solely Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a Bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. 10
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.
A NOTED BUT UNTRIED WOMAN
(From the Boston Globe.)



Mrs. Lydia B. Plank, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Women," as one of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhoea, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Obstruction, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, statulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only \$1.00 per bottle or six for \$5.00, and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity."

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. A. M. D.



The majority of the ills of the human body arise from a derangement of the Liver, affecting both the stomach and bowels. In order to effect a cure, it is necessary to remove the cause. Irregular and sluggish action of the Bowels, Headache, Sickiness at the Stomach, Pains in the Back and Loins, etc., indicate that the Liver is at fault, and that nature requires assistance to enable this organ to throw off impurities.

Prickly Ash Bitters are especially compounded for this purpose. They are mild in their action and effective as a cure; are pleasant to the taste and taken easily by both children and adults. Taken according to directions, they are a safe and pleasant cure for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Habitual Constipation, Diseased Kidneys, etc., etc. As a Blood Purifier they are superior to any other medicine; and cleansing the system thoroughly, and imparting new life and energy to the invalid. It is a medicine and not an intoxicating beverage.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR PRICKLY ASH BITTERS, and take no other. PRICE, \$1.00 per Bottle. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.

